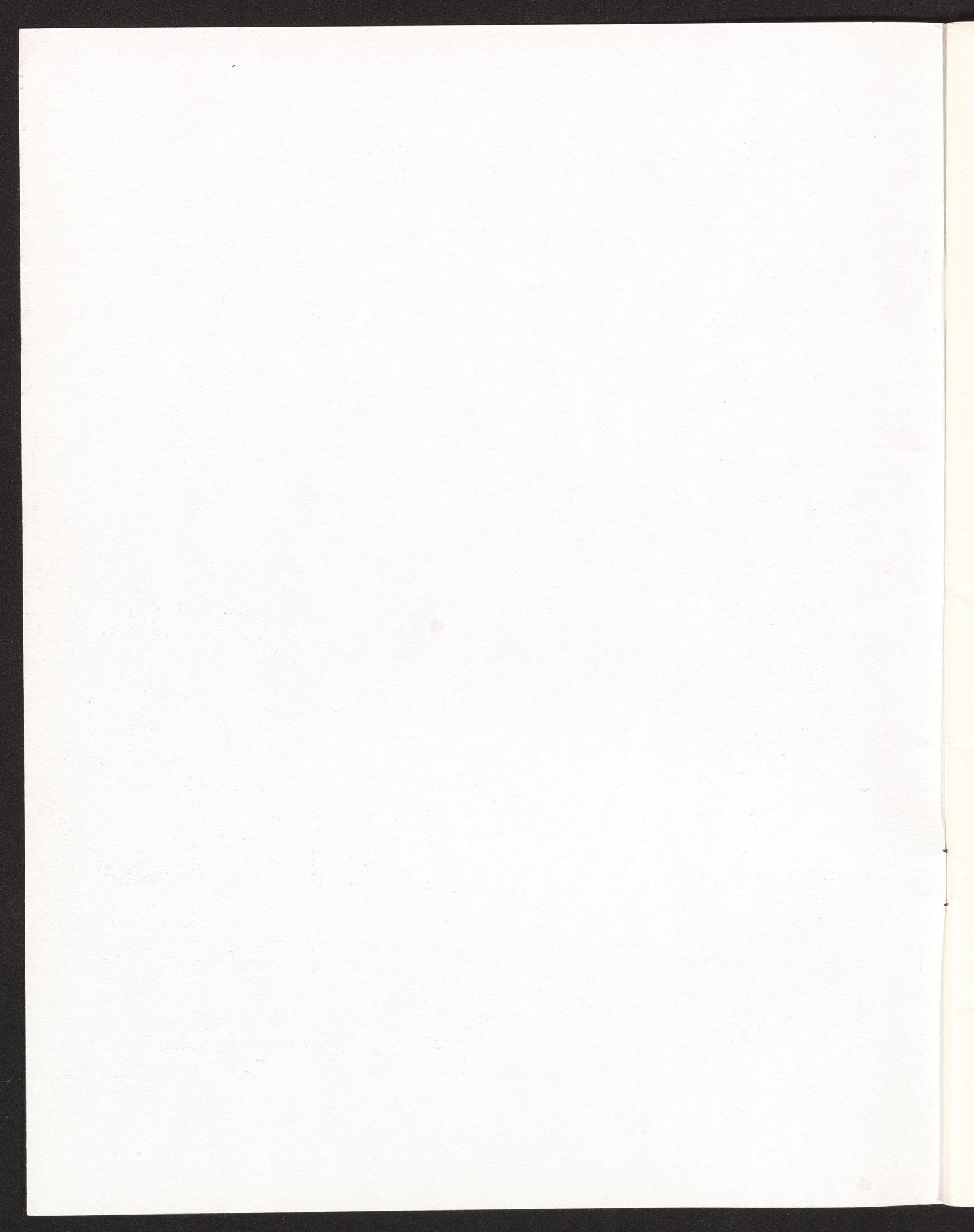


HALLMARKS 1972

HARPETH HALL SCHOOL



HALLMARKS 1972

A PUBLICATION OF PENSTAFF

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ON FINDING A YOUNG DOVE SHOT
THROUGH THE WING WITH A BB GUN

Diana Reed '72

Fallen, struggling,
red-stained grass,
bent and gasping,
poor bird.
Cupped my hands,
held a shattered life,
touched ruined feathers.
Tiny pink feet clutched,
but grasping only air,
poor, broken bird.
shudder,
quiver....
still.

Lifted to a branch again,
you could perch, hold on to life,
but you only hang your head,
so sad,
so young,
so utterly,
utterly
gone.
Laid under earth and stone,
you will always be.
But whenever I remember...
I find no place
to put my
hands.

HAIKU I
Amy Hall '74

Like diamonds the stars
Are the jewels of the sky,
Safe from any thief.

A BEE
Betty Andrews, '75

Buzzing
yellow
octagonals of light;
soft wind;
perfumed air;
Sweet nectar;
pause;
flying low.
A rush of green;
hover;
yellow silk:
a flower.

TWO WORLDS
Juli Hobdy '75

There she sits — all curled up in her royal throne,
With all of her servants surrounding her,
Waiting for her to call.
She's a beautiful queen—
With thick, rich, royal fur and
Big, brown eyes with eyelashes that curl.
I wonder what she's dreaming,
It must be a wonderful world—
Exciting adventures, strange odysseys,
With no deadlines to fill or
Anyone rushing or pushing.
Sometimes I wish I could be a part of her brain—
To see what she sees, to think what she thinks,
And to do what she does—
All those times she leaves her throne,
And silently walks off,
Telling no one where she is going or
What she's planning to do.
Oh I long to know her dreams, imaginations, and
fantasies,
And I wonder if I'm even a part of them.
All this time I've unintentionally been staring at her,
And our minds and thoughts must have met
Because she looks up
And gives a murmur of a purr,
As if to say, "You and I belong in our separate worlds."
She walks over in her queenly fashion,
And curls up warmly in my lap.
There we sit — my queen and I.

HAIKU
Walton Estes '77

*Like a silver jet
He says good morning to God
A young dove at dawn.*



IVY
Julia Storey '77

*Ivy
Green, wild
Climbing, grasping, reaching
Looking for something it has lost in
The grass
Ivy.*

ASPECTS OF LIGHT

*At the end of a long gray day
Light breaks from the low horizon clouds
And lights red hills and church spires*

*Early thru the morning window
Sunlight's streams soften sweet sheets
And warm a calm body still lying in dreams.*

*Late summer's rich heaviness falls in long shadows
across greenest grass from the world's reddest sun
With spread clouds her attendants & blue sky her whole
halo.*

*The blue-black infinity of night has only
One flame to light it, golden & leaping
With two figures' faces huddled up near it.*

WINGS
Beth Collins, '72

*Man has never been satisfied
With his land-tied clumsiness.
He has always tried to lose his human identity
As a bird in the air, a fish in the water.
He thus loses his complicated ways:
His suffering, his hate, his sin.
He loses - - yet gains.
For in his light-hearted buoyancy
He becomes simpler, stronger, purer,
As an innocent, happy child.
Purged of the outmoded, cancerous growths
Of the mind and body,
He becomes a free spirit,
One free to travel, free to grow,
Free to stretch to God.*

DIAMOND
Barbara Couch, '74

*Sun
Global, golden
Enduring, overwhelming, warming
Magnitude, brightness...gentleness, subtlety
Waxing, waning, illuminating
Serene, nocturnal
Moon*

THE BIRD CALLS

Lynn Farrar, '74

Mindy cautiously opened the door slightly and peered through the crevice. Yes the world was still there! There across the road were the towering oaks drooping under the weight of green leaves and tiny acorns. A wind swept the dainty hoops of the willows off the ground and swirled their flowing, soft, green skirts. A tiny dogwood flirted with a young pine next to her and blew him airy kisses of her blossoms delicate scent. Tall grasses vainly tried to cover the ankles revealed by the trees' dancing, and a bird's solo was occasionally blown out by laughing winds. Happiness reigned under the sky—blue—and—white patterned ceiling. And, yes, the world was beautiful.

Mindy timidly ventured out into the sunlight. She had not given herself to the world since her release three days ago. She had been scared that the world was still ugly, still evil. But no, no it wasn't. She attempted a laugh, timid at first like one unused to laughing, and then a louder, happier laugh. She stepped forth and opened her arms. She gave herself again to the world.

Run! Run! her body said and she did. She ran and danced with the willows. She scolded the coy dogwood. She swung round and round the trunks of the oaks, and then ran around and around and around and around the field until her side ached and she was dizzy. Panting, Mindy dropped to the grass and felt the ground's warmth seep in to her bones until it reached her soul. She was tired, she was hot, she was happy. No more did gloom hold her mind. She was free, she was sane—simply, human.

Mindy sat and reveled in the joy of living, of being. Then, a cat sound invaded her reverie of nothingness. She sat up and searched for a cat that did not exist. As she searched, her heart hammered a desperate "I'm cured! I'm cured! I'm cured!" Then with relief Mindy spotted a mockingbird mocking on the green crest of the pine tree. "Meow." She laughed again, and this one was better than the first. A mockingbird—a mockingbird had made her think that she was losing her mind or even that she had not regained it. How silly!

Having found an audience, the mockingbird warbled on. He gave a shrill whistle and a bob-white's call. His little throat throbbed with song and sounds. Occasionally he would briefly stop his song and ruffle his feathers or hop farther out on the limb. The incessant warbling bothered Mindy and she tried to ignore it, wishing that the bird would go away.

Mindy, meanwhile, was acting as insane as sane people do on a lovely spring day. They take leave of their senses and enjoy living. She had risen from the grass and promised herself a few more glorious minutes before she went back inside again. Once more she ran across the field and swung around and around the oaks. Then she heard it—them, thousands of voices, and only one. She studied the bird perched on the limb looking at her with bright, beady eyes. From its open beak—it had to be from the mockingbird, for there were only she and it—came, "Mindy! Mindy! Mindy!" But a mockingbird only mocks, doesn't it? "Mindy! Mindy! Mindy!"



I
Beth Collins, '72

DAYBREAK
Leslie Doster, '72

Faint orange glow on pale gray
Yields to a glorious blaze on deepest blue.
Daybreak comes to the beach
With Majesty.
Angry surf competes with beating wind
Till each one engulfs the other
In a furious sound that is almost tangible.
Salt spray tingles on tongue and skin
Till its smell, taste, and feel mingle into one.
Waves wash inward teasing my feet
Concealing their awesome danger.
As sand flows in and out under my toes
I am moving fast yet standing still.
Wind lifts my soul and mind
Waves wash mundane things away
I stand alone on the beach
Yet I have never been less lonely.

OUTSIDE ON A WARM WINTER'S NIGHT
Shannon Stoney, '72

I'm outside, but lovely! our house is aglow
With people inside, laughing I know
Around the round table; supper is over.

I love the sweet dogs, their fur warm and dry.
And the wind blows the black trees against a deep sky.
A winter night, but warm, and the breeze scent is heavy,
Heavy and dank with the wetness of earth.
The moon says God loves me and has since my birth,
And I and He love the people round the table.

The house is aglow with the light of our love,
And outside air, trees, earth, all sing to above.
I could leap up and dance to the music of spheres!

The black trees along the hill top stand
Starkly outlined against the flaming sky.
An army against the invasion of man.

THE STAR SAILOR
Trish Harrison '74

The star sailor
Hurtles through the black sea of space.
There are no sails on his ship.
For there is no wind to fill them,
Only a terrible calm
Like the doldrums magnified a thousand times.

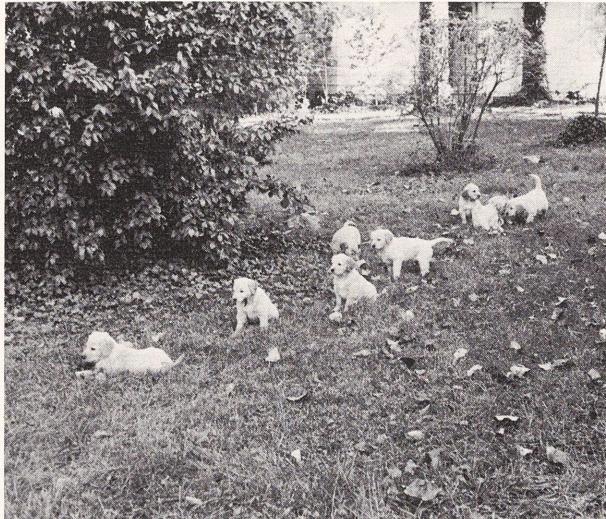
The eternal night is alleviated
Only by an occasional meteor
Shooting past,
A giant falling star.

The sailor can feel the loneliness,
The breathtaking void,
And he longs for earth
Even while he is entranced by the spell of space
He is bewitched
And knows it
Yet he has no desire
To shake off his mad fascination.

He is no longer nailed to the ground,
And his body can soar
To the heights of his soul
For he sails among the stars
Where he is free.

#3
Laura Parrish, '73

Damp air steams at noon;
Fragile flowers droop on stems.
Children laugh at pools.



PUPPY PARADE
Beth Collins, '72

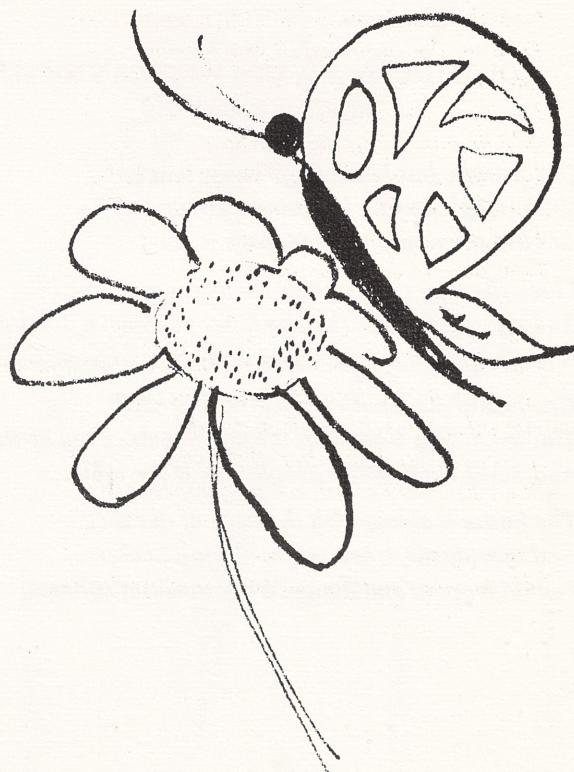
*Here they come: one, two, three, four,
And there's five -- tumbling over himself
Bringing up the rear of this fantastic parade.
Rolly-polly, color of sunshine,
Their fat little bodies swaying on wobbling
little legs.
Here they come, in eager, yet uncertain rush
With love and affection for everything
That their fresh eyes can see.
Someday they will grow up,
Their chubby bodies become stream-lined,
Their stumpy legs long and slim.
They will be graceful then.
But nothing can beat the loving, funny beauty
Of a puppy parade.*

WATCH OUT
Susan Duvier, '73

*You always wait
For that glorious, sun-rainbowed day, when your life will
become meaningful, and you will be happy.
Poor Butterfly. It's up to you to open your coocoon.*

SEASCAPE
Amy Hall '74

*plastic bottles, clothes in drawers
formal dress for social goers
salty breezes, sunburned noses
rush to the bar before it closes
umbrella chairs for bleached-haired women
eighty degrees just right for swimmin'
sandy beaches, horses prancing
can't be late to join the dancing
white-gloved waiters with china dishes
what you don't eat goes to the fishes
long, soft hair and rosy lips
no one hears the passing ships
balmy evening, seagulls screech
lonely footsteps on the beach*



TO A WILD THING
JUN '74

DAY OF THE SEA

Trish Harrison '74

Dawn

The sea has not yet gained its sapphire hue.
Instead, it is soft dove-gray, edged with gold.
The lace of the surf is barely visible
Against the white sand.

And now the rising sun
Turns the water to a sea of flame
As the new day
Breaks away from the night.

Noon

The great golden ball
Shines over the sparkling waters,
So brilliant
That they seemed to join with the sky as one.

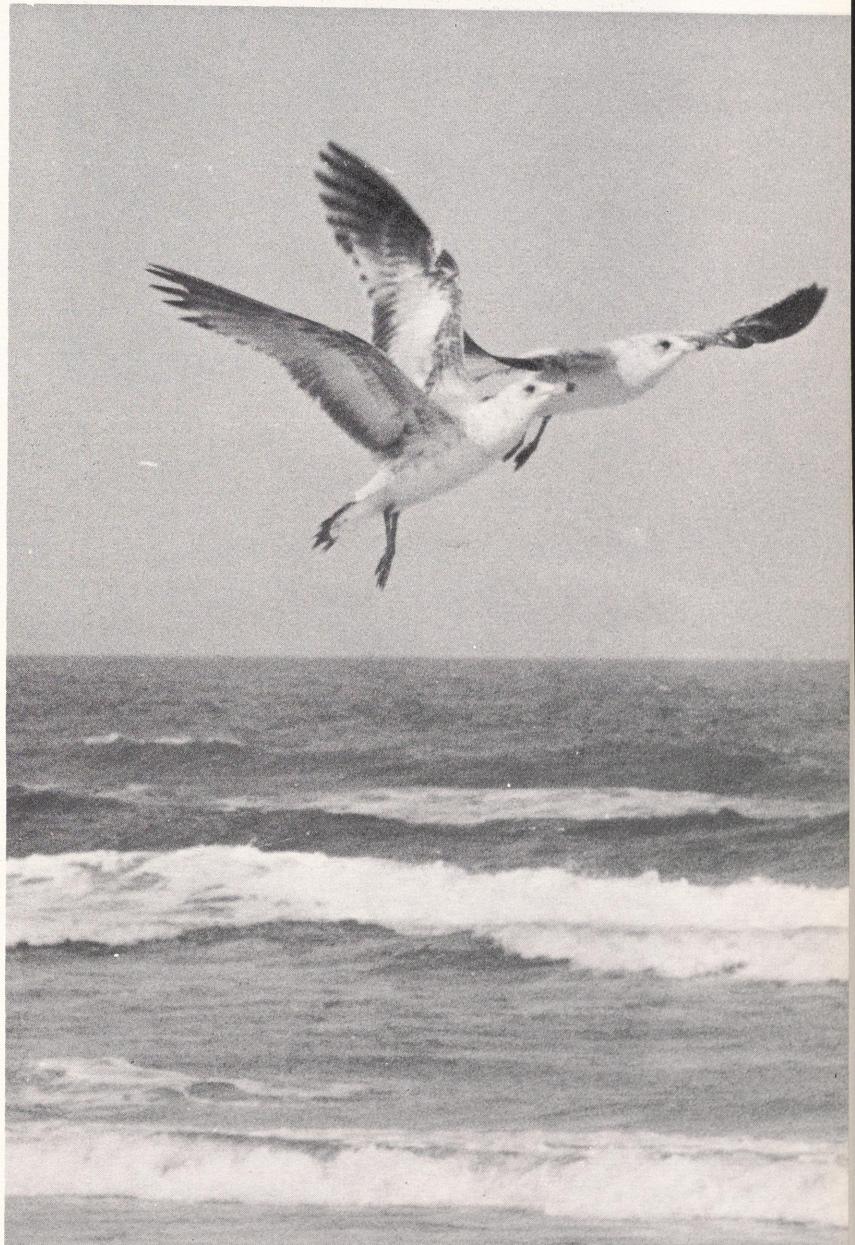
Now the wind comes blowing across the sea
Turning the water a dull gray green.
And the waves leap up
To slap at the clouds
Which cover their beloved sun.
The menacing clouds are ripped open,
And the rain falls in torrents
To chastise the insolent waves
That dare to defy the heavens.

Night

The clouds separate to reveal the glowing moon
Beaming down upon the now quiet sea.
The infinity of those black depths
Is exceeded only by that of the sky.
They are brother and sister in mystery.

Dawn again
The sea once more must gain its sapphire hue.

I thought of you.
Sharp, brown eyes—
eager, inquisitive
Although we got to be good friends
You wouldn't take food from my hand—
All through summer and autumn
And when winter came
I didn't know where you went
(I don't really know much about wild things).
I just wish I had known you better
Before you went away.





SUNSET

My hands dropped into the soapy water,
And I raised my eyes to look outside.
There was a softness that washed my eyes
With rosy dampness and hazy mist.
When I dropped my eyes back to the water
And picked up again the sponge and pan
I couldn't remember what it was that had blessed me
And caressed my eyes with sweetness,
So I lifted my eyes up again to the window
And searched for the view, that cleansed the eyes.
It was not in the pink spiky flower on the sill,
Nor the ivy curled around the blue bird pot,
Nor yet in the ticked clock on the ledge.
All these felt rough and wrong, after the rightness
Of that first glance: Then at last I caught
Outside the glass, through green-thick'd trees,
The clear profound and pink of the sun that had set,
And my heart and my eyes were at rest.

WINTER IS COMING

Beth Collins, '72

*The grasses and trees have lost their outward life
And stand devoid of green and warmth.
Brown they are, hidden is their life.
The wild wind rustles and hustles through them.
Swishes the grass and creaks the boughs.
Strange lights play in a sky
Often covered by a blanket of clouds.
The North Wind has pushed autumn out the door.
He now plays with the world, the cold silent world,
With its life pulse hidden deep inside.
Soon he will bring snow to transform
This brown, dark, mysterious land
Into a frozen, still, yet glistening fairy land.
Yes, the wind, the roaring, eager wind has come.
And driven warmth and cheer deep inside.
Winter is coming.*

CHALLENGE

Beth Collins, '72

*Man has always set himself
Against the wild wonders of nature,
Whether rushing, pouring torrent or high mountain cliff
To test his own primitive strengths
Which grow lax and soft in a computer world.
To feel success over nature, man as supreme,
He freely tests his endurance,
Taxing his strength to the utmost.
Then, often in success, he laughs triumphantly
As he reaches the tiptop peak of the highest mountain,
The last gate of a kayak competition,
Or the last rapid on a wild, rushing river.
Yet, unheard by man, though its
Echoes are deeper and last longer than his transient
success,
Is the low, deep laughing of the river's current
And the whistling chuckling of the mountain's winds
At man.*

THE SONG OF SUMMER
Barbara Couch, '74

*The song of summer started
With the first summer-dawn
That awoke from their winter's quiet
Birds with the melody.
Leaves and grasses murmured
With their rustling poetry,
And whispered the words
To the rhythm of the clouds.
Life then added tempo
And love gave the spirit
To make fresh and different
The sparkling summer's song.*

Ellen Hobbs '75

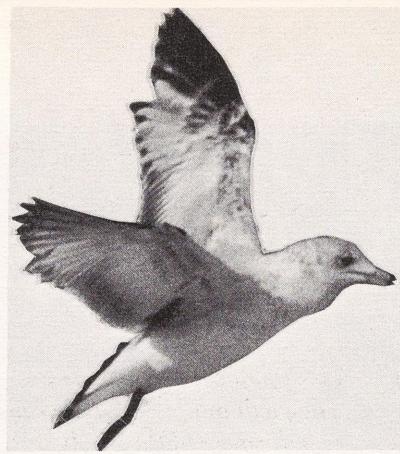
Aloof and alone in an open field an old hackberry tree raises up its mighty boughs. Huge, motherly, and knarled it stands, challenging the world to defy its power. Like a tall, broad mammy it broods over the tiny grass and flowers that bow to worship its presence. The base is cold black with deep, firm ridges which bear witness to its age. Then, in sudden splendor and grace, the black trunk becomes a canopy of leafy branches sheltering the earth. The branches are strong and full of vitality. The greenish yellow leaves are soft, cool off-springs of the branches. Higher and Higher into space the tree rises. Then...it stops. The sky is its limit. Only God is mightier than this giant. For years the tree has stood. It defies wind, rain, snow and the burning rays of the sun. Every man is awed by its presence. So mighty and great, so awe-inspiring and looming, an old hackberry tree raises up its mighty boughs.



AFRICA
Trish Harrison '74

*The Dark Continent,
The name inspires you with mystery.
Africa,
Land of black magic and voodoo
The jungle,
It's the only place left
To explore the unknown.
It still holds secrets
Which defy civilization.
It's wild and untamed
And allows people only so close.
When they draw too near
It engulfs them
With the lush vegetation.*

*What mysteries hide
Behind that impenetrable mask?
Those who find out
So seldom return.
Will anyone ever understand
The Dark Continent?*



HIGH FLIGHT: A BIRD
Betty Andrews, '75

The other day
I saw
a
bird
in the sky.
Slowly,
as I
watched,
it began
to ascend
in slow,
lazy
spirals;
gliding.
Other birds
have flown above;
I let them pass.
And yet this bird,
something in this bird
made me watch it
and soar with it,
though beneath it,
as it curved upward.
When at last
its circles
carried the bird
beyond my reach,
I realized one thing.
I
was
happy.
A dark speck
on white clouds
on blue sky
made
me
glad.
Be
happy
too.
I love you.

THE SUNSET
Emily Schull, '73

A lazy river spreads across the sky,
Cutting a wide band, dividing the sky.
A river of gold, rose, deep blue,
Transcending all earth scenes,
Winds, slowly, peacefully.
Comes tranquillity.
Slowly, the river dwindle,
disappearing into
an infinite
void
of
blackness.
Quiet comes and bows her head to the stars.

SUNDOWN DIES
Amy Hall '74

Sundown dies, awakes the night,
Shimmers away the golden light
And enters in the silent dark;
With chilly hands, the silent dark
Comes inside and lights a fire,
Kindles a flame that flickers higher,
Melting down the nighttime air,
Frosty breaths of twilight air.
Pine tree whispers, around it sings;
The nightingale unfolds her wings
Where moondrops fall upon the ground
Like milk and honey on the ground.
The rivers high, upon their brink
A hundred thousand starlets drink—
Across the ruffled water's face,
Highlights on the river's face
Dip and fall beneath the wheels
As cross the stream the ferry steals.
Nothing said; the night is grown,
Something warm, young love has grown.



THANK YOU
Amy Hall '74

*Walking home with just myself
I saw the hazy sun snuggling
In the dusky treetops
And the champagne moon, blushing pink
Was sailing along the quiet west
In anticipation of nightfall.
I met a friend who knew my name,
Who smiled hello to the evening star
And left me happy
So that I adored the silver moon
That glared through the midnight sky
And winked sweet silence.*

GIVE ME A SUNSET
Judy Andrews '73

*Sit beside me, love,
When the sun sets -
Away somewhere—*

*Our shadows will tell our story
They will mingle with the sunset
In soft colors of the rainbow -
The colors of our happy togetherness
Our shadows mingle,
As the sun sets,
And soon join and become one.*

*The oneness of our shadows
is an intense darkness
but our love lights the lambent way.
Keep it lit, my sweet.
I trust your guiding hand...
Only let me see you!
Let me see myself
in our oneness of
love*

*When the sun rises
tomorrow
We must separate again.
But when we part,
I will carry with me
Some of the dark
in the Dark of Missing.*

*But give me a sunset
And we will join again.*

HAIKU II
Amy Hall '74

*Love is a shy deer;
She flees swiftly and lonely
When Scorn draws his bow.*

Judy Andrews, '73

*Rain outside my pane
Hits with a gentle tap.
Resounding the noise throughout
my presence.
Only I listen.*

*I love the rain and marvel at its presence.
For rain brings my mood to peak at Godful
wonder.*

*I wish upon a second star
Spotted far a moon away
That I could a raindrop be
If only a moment now.*

*For I know myself the joys of love
That brings me closeness and warmth
But my love is spread so far,
Not gathered in a drop.*

*The gentle rain falls soft
To hit my pane
And gathers there in lasting loveliness of
only love.*

HAIKU
Lisa Wade '77

*Zoo, black and white zebras
The prison, black and white clothes
World, black and white friends.*

HAIKU
Laura Whitson '73

*I run to the phone
Hoping that it's him calling
But it's just a girl.*

UNTITLED
Cathy Cate, '73

*Silence
A small but significant sound is audible.
A bell tinkles announcing the birth
A drum of steady beat pounds in rhythms
of heartbeats
The flighty conversations are produced by airy
flutes
The romantic moods are sung on strings
of violins
The varying fancies are played in arpeggios
by a plucking piano.
The instruments unite to form an orchestra
of melodious harmony as our love
reaches its climax.*

TOGETHER
Debbie Feustal, '72

*Laughing, I take your hand, and we run.
Whisking over winding paths in a whirling wind;
Then we stop.
The sun is starting to rest,
And the silhouettes of the trees blurr.
I see the reflection of ourselves in the
Flowing stream;
A reflection fighting to become a clear picture,
Waving and working in the sparkling water,*

*Striving to become together ...
but never does.*

*The wind gently blows the long, golden
grass, softly flowing,
And it seems to move toward and away.
Blades of grass . . .*

Striving to become together.

*Meekly, my eye catches yours,
Then silently we are caught in a warm embrace.
And like the trees, we are outlined
Against the cool colored sky,*

Striving to become together . . .

Among the gifts of God.

INSIDE
Sue Cunningham, '74

Amy Swartzbaugh, 73

Sometimes

*Since we are always together
We forget
To be kind.*

*Inside of me
There is a love for you.
I don't know what kind it is,
 how big it is,
 or how long it's been there...
But I do know it's there now,
And always will be.*

THE MIST
Suzy Peeples '72

*Mist rolled in from the sea
And tried to cover my eyes.
I wondered why it chose me,
And the wind whistled a reply.*

*I quickened my pace down the beach,
The air seemed suddenly cold.
Home was what I wanted to reach
Because I wasn't brave or bold.*

*I could see my lights as they shone,
I knew I was almost there.
And inside, I wouldn't be alone
Because I had someone who cared.*

*His warm arms greeted me at the door,
For a moment I clung to his embrace.
And the mist threatened me no more,
For all I saw was his shining face.*

A RAINY DAY
Sue Cunningham, '74

*Today was a good day,
Even though it was raining.
On rainy days I like to sit and
 think.
Today I thought about you.
Maybe that's why it was a good
 day.*

"THEY SOAR ON HIGH"
Diana Figuers, '74

*Reflections of night fires in their
 Unquenchable, insatiable eyes
With long, thirsting looks of love,
 Feelings grow to a tremendous size
Her satin cheek is flushed, inside
 All swirls and butterflies
Reaching out very slowly, their minds
 Know the other's cries*

*Then at the first touch of his rugged arm
As if before they had been a thousand miles apart
They connected on a shooting star
Skyrocketing into the dewey heavens*

*Whose lustrous and bright colors,
Its shady tints and darkest hues
All mingle, entangle, melt into
One glorious galaxy of feeling*

*Now together they fly through space and time
Inseparable, knowing no boundaries
And enhanced, forgetting the brown, green earth
Know only the warmth and thrill of each other's embrace
The heat of her kiss, and the rapture in his face*

*And if the floor beneath them caved in
 As came crashing down the sky
Neither would they know nor care
 For like angels they soar on high.*

PLEASE
Cathy Frierson '72

*We live within ourselves—
Each with his own secrets—
The pain of holding them in—
The yearning for recognition
Blocked by the fear of deception.

Touch me—my soul—my secrets—
Make the fear seem foolish
Take away the agony and
I will give you my joy.*

YOUR ABSENCE
Terry Whittle, '73

*Anywhere else is good, it's here that's bad,
My sister said at ten (I five).
Only walking strange streets, lost
Was I alive.

Now anywhere else in the world away
From you is bad.
This small room touched by you is good.
All streets are sad.*



AT NIGHT
Kay Procter, '73

*I look at the moon
Reflecting on the waves
And I think of him.
Light is reflected in
Many different ways, like tiny mirrors,
And I see his eyes.
The waves pound gently
Against the rocks along the shore
And I hear his voice.
The water rushes smoothly
Over my feet across the sand
And I feel his touch.*

TU
Cathy Frierson, '72

*Si tu le voulais, je t'écrirerais une chanson,
Avec tous les mots tendres qui existent.
Si tu étais triste, je pleurerais—
Et si tu étais heureux, je rirerais—
Tu m'appelles, je viens—
Tu souris et je chante.
Quand tu a de la peine
Mon cœur tremble—
Puisque tu es, je suis.*

Judy Andrews '73

You have me.
You hold me by strings of emotion,
and you, the master puppeteer,
keep me moving and in your hands.

You play with me
and juggle me
and toss me around
just to impress the audience -
unless perhaps you please yourself, too.

When I was new,
I jumped eagerly when you pulled my strings.
Now I want to hesitate,
but am caught up by your ventriloquism.

You hold me,
sometimes a bit insecurely,
but you recover,
for there is one string I cannot control at all.
I have sometimes been a little puzzled
and a little hesitant
and a little rusty
When you pull my other strings,
but one string I cannot influence.

So I must perform well
and put on a good act
and please you
and maybe then we can win a lot
and surprise everyone.

And then maybe we'll be rich
and we can settle back
and strengthen the strings,
especially that one,
and leave the act behind.
Then, we are winners.

HAIKU
Grace Trammell, '75

Wanting the answers
To long forgotten questions
You kneel down and pray.

POEM
Paula Rippon, '72

Here we sit
You and I
Us
Together
You dream of your future,
I dream of my past.
You will love, my friend,
I have loved.
But now, as time hurries towards that future
We can still love,
Love one another
Until the day your future becomes part of my past

Then there is no past and future;
Only my experience and your innocence
Entangled in the beauty of Present.

Here we sit, you and I
letting our love of
past and future
converge into
a love
Present.

SHY
Susan Duvier, '73

i know
you're wondering Why
I refuse to see you
every-day
Why i hide - - so
I won't have to talk to You
and AVOID you
when i see you coming
i like u
But More.
I'm afraid to get close to you because you will leave me
crying.

ALONE
Carol Pearson, '72

Alone in her room
Away from the world,
Alone with herself...
and her thoughts,
Confused and hurt by
Someone's untimely words
"I'm sorry... I don't
love you anymore."

Searching the room for
Some sign of comfort
Sat smiling her friend in
disguise,
And having no one else to turn
to...
She clung to the small bear
and cried.

FORGOTTEN
Amy Hall '74

I sat by the window all day
Just to watch as the cars slipped away;
I thought that my heart would be broken
In two to be parted from you
Only one minute longer.

I walked to the corner today
Still hoping that you'd pass my way.
The sky had turned gray, and the raindrops
Were falling as I stood there calling
Your name in the wind.

Last week I went back to the place
Where first I encountered your face,
But nothing remained of the days
We have known; all the birds have now flown
In search of a home.

Like a weight on my feet is the pain
When I fear that we shan't meet again.
In brown coats and blue jeans the children
Are playing, and words they are saying
Remind me of laughter.

Now evening draws near with the moon,
But I wish that the night weren't so soon.
For I think of the love that we two
Could have shared if only you'd cared
And had not forgotten.

ONCE

I once had a friend,
Who had few problems of the world.
We laughed and talked of many things.
Now a year has past
And things have changed
With cares and burdens
She never comes my way
I don't understand it.
She's in a different world
I'm afraid something good has come and gone
Was it my fault?

WHEN YOU CARE
Ginger Byrn, '72

1
When you care for someone
down deep in your heart
and you think that it's love
but you're not quite sure
it hurts when that someone
forgets you're alive
and gives his attentions to
others.

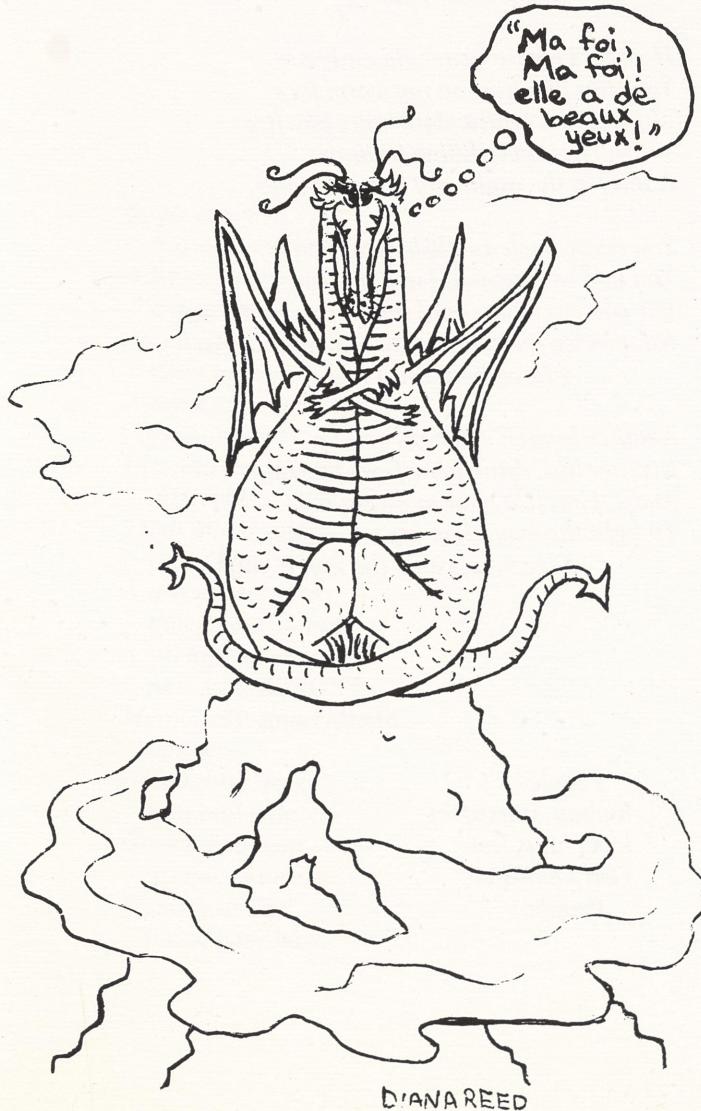
2
and if one of those others
is someone you know
someone you care for
someone you love,
it hurts even more.

3
What do you do
When this hurt starts to grow
and you think
that the love you once felt
or thought you once felt
is turning to distrust
is turning to jealousy
is turning to hate?

4
you stop.
you talk.
you remember.
you learn.
you love.

XIX
Amy Hall '74

The morning is quiet and wet from rain
That washed upon the dusty land last night;
It's past time for dawn, but the clouds
Lie misty and tired upon the horizon.
I'm much too restless for sleeping, too weary
From crying and laughing when I'd rather not.
Mother calls as I bask in the hollow quiet:
Don't shatter the window of morning peace,
Don't wake me to another day when
Yesterday lies like a cross on my shoulders.
It's too late now, the glassy peace
Is broken, the wind rushes so fiercely.
The birds begin to sing in the willows:
Sweet morning songs, melodious cantatas.
Thank you Lord for bringing me back
From the boundaries of sleep and death;
Teach me how to live so I won't know
How to die.



PERSONNAE
Amy Swartzbaugh, '73

I am the Love Star
That shines in lover's eyes at evening.
They feel that they can touch me, that I am theirs,
But surely, surely the night fades.

And nothing they say or do, can stop my leaving.
I am as a breathless wind that bends the grass
But soon . . . stillness.

They search each other's night eyes
for clues

Why
How could it be over.

They felt as if they could have reached me,
The Love Star, but surely, as the night fades
And the sun glistens their tears as
they come.

I am the Love Star that shines in
lover's eyes at evening . . .
I am gone.

SOURIRE
Cathy Frierson, '72

Il y a une ferme blanche
Ou les amoureux aiment aller.
La, les oiseaux chantent gaiment
Et les fleurs sont brillantes.
Le ciel est un bleu merveilleux
Et le vent joue doucement avec mes reves.
Tout est silencieux a ma ferme—
Aucun bruit de l'homme.
Il n'y a que les soupires et rires
De l'amour.
Tout est tendre—
Les sensations de la vie simple
Me calment la.
Et quand je pars
Apres avoir saute la petite barriere,
Marchant dans l'herbe grande
J'ai un sourire dans mon ame.

FRIENDS
Penny Pilkington, '73

*I go for a ride
In my beautiful boat
In the beautiful boat of my mind

My thoughts serve as sails
And my dreams are the wind
And my friends are the seas that I ride.

And if I should fall
From my beautiful boat
From my beautiful boat which I sail

My friends are the sea
And they welcome me in
And assure me that I haven't failed.

For boats of your mind
With your thoughts as its sails
And with nothing but dreams as its wind
May find that it often times falters or fails
Without that assurance from friends.*

THINKING OF YOU
Diana Reed '72

*Falling in endless spiraling dreams
and fantasies of memories,
Shadows of what might have been,
What could have been,
Trace my footsteps through the graveyards of reality
littering my mind.

Things I wish would pass away,
be buried in silent slumber,
Scream in soundless agony
and call me to remember.
Endless paths I've tried to take
through tunnels of remembrance.
I've tried to focus on the shadows,
Bring forth an image giving peace.
Pick up the happy pieces that
we threw so carelessly together.
But instead, I only dwell
on what we didn't have
and burn the painful memories in
already blackened holes.
Still, through the smoking char,
the only thing I see
Is that I never loved you, and yet
I love you still.*

UNTITLED
Jane Haggard '75

*Ribbons are as different as the people in
this world;
but not as delicate.*

CATCH THE SUN
Diana Figuers '73

*You called me to you, what could I say
How should I feel when you make my day
Not only your smile but your eyes too
Make me know that I love you,
And I Do.*

*I miss you, I need you, though inches apart
I desire you, want you with all my heart
You're not kind or gentle or even true
Nothing that I want you to be, just you,
And I Love You.*

*How do I please your cold embrace
Your lips like frost on my warm face
My emotion inarticulate rages like fire
Yet thirsts, never filling its desire
A thief in the night and not my buyer.*

*You resist, such a selfish man
You said to love you, I will if I can
But you cry now, could those tears be for me?
No, just ice melting; not to rain on this true
I Love You, But I See*

*Another branch will hold you up
Kiss her lips, drink wine from her cup
And I, I am just your morning sun
To light the way, then my job's done
Flee now, catch the rays & run!*

PEOPLE
Shelly Long '77

*People
human, imperfect
love, hate, live
God's children
People*



SO FAR AWAY
Ann Archer, '74

*So far away,
but yet so near.
A lot of faith—
a little fear.
An empty feeling
deep inside
A heart where unending
love abides.
Ups and downs and
different moods
Trials and despair
that I have stood.
A special strength
that I have found,
A strength to share, to
pass around.
Memories—they'll still
remain—
Of laughter, love
hurt and pain.
His book to read,
friends to love—
Thank you God,
for all your love.*

CHRISTIANITY
Betty Andrews '75

*Jesus,
Jesus
was a man,
a person,
like you
like me.
A child of God
a child of love.
Why can't you see
that he loved you,
and died for you—
not to be worshipped
but to show you
that we must die
everyday
for everyone,
if we are to live.*

UNCHAINED LOVE
Diana Figuers '73

*What is love? It's all the hidden, caged emotions
Stirring within our breast
It's the beating of our heart, and the tingling
Of our soul
A place where a tide of feeling meet each other's shores
A time minds can understand each other's thoughts
When spoken, and know in silence all the rest.*

*A little boy clinging to his mother's arm,
An old man watching children play,
And the fountain of self leaping through
Many colored doors*

*Where rainbows and starlight and helplessly sad
Moons in space are reflected in his yearning face
Where her flushing, rose tinted complexion
Deepens and fades with her lover's expression.*

*Finally touching, barely speaking, scarcely moving
Yet entwined in the music of their souls' rhymes,
Comes the patron saint of freedom giving life
To the crushed wing of the dove,
The messenger of our unchained Love.*

TOP-MIRROR CAGES
Diana Reed '72

A tin-foil covered glass,
A make-believe mirror.
Such a shiny pretty thing,
Dime-store cheap thing.
That's what's wrong with you...
And me...
And all the rest that
Peer through peep-holes scratched in the
Silver foil frost shivered window panes
of our company fronts.
I sit looking at you.
You sit looking at me.
And together
We watch each other watch the other
Grow old
and crumble dustily
Through cobwebs drooping a patient silence over
Indestructible glass,
and never
touch.

TO A SENIOR
Jan Crenshaw, '73

The strong, rushing waves of the ocean.
At first their cold powerful strength
leaves a lonely, scared feeling on my mind.
As if you've been left there alone to be
swallowed by a non-caring world.

Yet, as you watch the waves
and time slips quickly by
You find that strength and beauty fill your body
And the cold, powerful waves seem peaceful
and urge you with the will to live

So it is after a dear friend leaves
The lonely scared feeling is soon calmed
by the strength and will to live
Because you know somewhere....
somewhere out in that ocean....
That friend is there and her will is
for you to be happy and really live!

A SEASON OF WAR
Amy Hall '74

It's the year of life for me,
A season of war in the East,
And I'm fearful of fear
I've yet to encounter.
I'm young, have not yet encountered war.
What is it all for, this game of blood and noise?
A thousand or more have met it already.
They have names, and they have faces too.
We may not know them when they return,
If they return, but they are ours.
I'm fearful of these faceless ones
Lest I find that I know their names,
Lest I find that they were loved by me.
I'm young and know not yet the tolls of war.
The generals and their captains can call the moves.
They are safe, they have no one waiting,
To them this game is life—to me fear.
I do not know how it began; I was not yet here.
Perhaps two children started a game;
Out of their boredom grew this mischief of war.
Did they not know that many must lose?
Even I am sure of the odds in such a gamble.
Only now is the year of life for me;
I see a season of war in the East.
Will I find love in the summer months
When winter touches our men and husbands?
Can I love them when they are turned gray?
Surely not for I'm still young.
Oh, fortunate are those who shan't tarry
To see the loser return to his home.
I fear that I shall have to witness
The shame, wrinkles, tears, and age.
I shall not die for I'm too young.
I must endure, see death shake hands with life.
I must endure.

HUMAN LIFE
Betty Andrews '75

A human life is like a poem
so fragile
so complex
one mistake
could mean death
one thought—
immortality.

SENIOR CLASS POEM OF 1972

Diana Reed, '72

*With a last flourish of
satin and lace,
As a small still breeze
gently wafts our songs
through the thin air of
the past
and whispers of things
to come,
We say goodbye.
Though we will miss
what we have loved
and come to know
We will smile through
the silent tears of tragic loss
and go on,
With faith, to move softly out
to fulfill the promise
of each
tomorrow.*





STANDARD TIME
Diana Figuers, '73

Driven round and round like every
other fool
Love, Stop! Let's start again
there's nowhere to be off to.
Stay here, and sit awhile, the present
moment cannot be gone
Our past and our future are only roads
on which Now went and will go before
long.

Time never stops, nor can it ever
start without our understanding
For the king who sees time as infinity
he will reign forever, all
empires at his commanding.
Like the runner who knows his pace,
he gets out front and gets there first
We cannot regulate what is with us always,
Not with all the stopwatches and alarm
clocks in the universe.

Why, lovely girl, do you think a masterpiece
survives the Ages' test?
Because it's true to Life, not Death,
the most a man can do, his very best!
For Every man's a work of art and will
surpass this world, this hour, this day
Just hold my hand, and walk with me on the
hillside here, and listen to what I say

Suzanne, we are suspended in Time always,
so we can never look back again
Nor look forward, love, with certainty;
Run now pick a daisy to review my thought in
Do you think that minutes and seconds can
wilt its golden color like the sun
Oh, Don't you see, we can never really die,
Time will keep us young!

But, John, the flower droops and nods
since I took it from the soil
It will never bloom again, never a spring
dawn to watch it from the
dewy grass uncoil
Yes, innocent girl, but like the children that we are
you have forgotten: there are greener
pastures than this earth.
We're but in a play world, where
understanding and remembering are
belittled by our mirth.

Thought moves us where we
please, but destiny is the same
eventually for every human
being.
And it won't be far off lands and distant
islands where you'll roam, but
the home port you'll be seeing.
Love, we're rooted firmly in but
one place, though like toys we're about
On an unfixed course
There's But One take-off and only one landing where we
can glide: Towards heaven we go
bounding, like the giant redwood tree soars.

COMPARISION

Cathy Tosh '74

*Everyone has seen a fake fire look real,
But has anyone ever seen a real fire look fake?
I did. Just today.
The coals were so strikingly stark and red.
The flakes looked blue on the outside,
But they were bright on the inside.
False fires never have blue flames.
They are always bright and sparkling.
I've seen people like that, too.*

#3
Terry Whittle, '73

*Whenever things are going badly, I remind myself
that tomorrow everything will look different—not
better, but different.*

I WONDER

Carolyn Shoulders, '75

*I wonder what this world really means,
Are we really alive or is that just how it seems?
Perhaps could our lives be a world of dreams
Surrounded by imagined scenes?

If our lives are dreams
Then what is real?
What can explain
The emotions we feel?

What will account
For the sights we see?
How do we know, exactly,
How to be?

What is it that accounts
For the lives we steer?
How do we know
That we're really here?

Maybe our lives are a world of dreams...
I wonder what this world really means.
I wonder.*

UNTITLED
Julie Hancock '74

*In a field that glows with suffering
Where love and hate lie entwined
A solitary man stands
and views only total waste.*

*He saw his comrade die
While fighting for his life
Now his friend sleeps
Right beside his foe.*

*The good against the evil
Was the theme of this great war
But to let so many die
Seems a price too great and dear.*

*What kind of God would stand for this?
While guns and cannons roar
Why not cease this clamor
This mockery of life.*

*All He does is watch
The Father of our Savior
It seems His son died for nothing
If the wars kill all.*

*Then this proud man bowed down
To cry and pray for peace.
“My God forgive me—I don’t understand
What it’s like to be Almighty.*

*Neither side, in your view is wrong
Both are only stubborn
They can’t see but through one eye
It is closed to the beliefs of the foe.*

*The only time wars will end
Is when all men are dead.”
And the man quietly died
Beside all mankind.*

*He had understood the meaning of death
So he had to be kept silent;
The world wasn’t ready to see
That men must be brothers or die.*

*Over a field of suffering
Where many men had fallen
An eagle flew silently
In honor of the man who was now his brethren.*

UNTITLED
Kathy Cheek, '75

LONELY
Lisa Cowan, '72

I've always pitied lonely people
packaged in gay boxes with tags
saying "to"
and "from:"
drowning fears in a liquor-glass and
swallowing insecurities with two aspirin
afterwards.
Dime-store smiles peeling away,
the wallpaper people accept another invitation.
I sit alone and pity them
Thank God being alone is not being lonely!

TOLERANCE
Beth Atkins, '72

The crushing weight,
The stabbing pain,
The prickling of small needles
The numbness.
He has no use of his legs.
He's crippled.
You accept his handicap (though we mustn't mention
the word),
And you wheel him about the park (only on
suitable days).
And you take him hot tea and warm conversation
And clean pillow slips and remote control
And the morning paper and the evening
Paper and you politely refuse his visitors
And you roll him into the evening sun each day
At 4:44.
His devoted servant, his companion—his wife,
Why, where would he be without you?
Probably on his feet.

A man.
A lonely man.
A lonely man walking in the snow.

Isn't it strange that a lonely man
should choose to walk in new
fallen snow, and then turn, merely
to see his tracks covered by the wind?

A lifetime -- of one man -- hardly
noticeable in the broad spectrum
of eternity.

And yet, this man, making his
impression on his surroundings,
May someday turn, to see that he
has changed nothing.
It was as if he was never there.

But then . . .
Wait . . .
Something, but what?
Yes . . . Another man,
Another lonely man,
Another lonely man, walking in the snow.

Amy Swartzbaugh, '73

Burn! Burn! cry'd he
with streaming eyes
and tremulous lips.
Be no more than ashes
or dust and leave the embers
to blister my feet. Curdling
screams defeat you not. Murder!
Shameless flame! leave not one
plank from curling with pain
and blackening at your licking
flames, Blind my eyes
with your light, make
my head burst with the heat
melt me down as a candle,
come closer, take the trapped
Animal I am quickly! end it
all!

SUDDEN DEATH
Julie Hancock, '74

Where are you now my friend?
You're not where I saw you last
Laughing and playing with the children
Yes, that is in the past.

No more will you run and sing
With God's grace about you
You're to sleep eternally
For into Death's clutches you flew.

You teased him and laughed
As if it were a game
Though it was no fault of yours
Death you did try to tame.

So you're leaving me
I see your last breath
I can't help but cry
As life gives into Death

I shall lament
For you my friend
But I hope in time
my pain will end.

You're gone from those
Who loved you so
You were like a breath of Spring
That had one chance to blow.

OBSERVE
Jane Haggard '75

There goes another rat sliding across the
dirty floor of an old shack,
Baby lies in her bed starving,
Momma brings another person into the
world,
Big brother chops firewood,
Papa is dead.
I wonder if anyone bothered to notice
the
rat



I DIDN'T MEAN TO CHEW
THAT SHOE . . . HONEST

LAST WORDS OF A DYING MAN
Josephine Kelley, '73

When I first came to my senses
I realized I was lying on the frozen ground
awaiting DEATH

An ambulance shrieked in the distance
But I knew that when it arrived, I would have
returned to dust

No, I can't use that expression
If I say "returned to dust" I must believe in the Bible
and GOD
But in my world, my generation, he's a nothing
a figment of the imagination

I can feel myself leaving now
In a few moments I'll be gone forever,
but to where?

A gentle face appears through the dense fog in my mind
Kind hands are lifting me
Can it be him? Yes it is!
It's GOD! GOD is alive!

BUT WHO WOULD BELIEVE THE WORDS OF A
DEAD MAN?

NEON SMILE
Betty Andrews, '75

A painted face
and shining grin,
ghosts of its splendor
following behind,
produces a smiling hand,
open; naked;
to be spat upon
or embraced.
The choice is made;
the shimmering electricity
that lights up,
the wide clown's smile
is passed on,
and now
there are two people,
two silly smiles,
taking the risk;
asking to be received,
please not rejected.

THE TRANSFORMATION
Bridgette Salyer, '76

Close to death
Nothing to help me
I wander aimlessly
Through paths of darkness.
I kneel and sense
An upward surge
Of strength to pray
To One I had thought dead.
My body leaves the pain
My mind is free now
I soar on a gentle breeze
My fear is over.
A light is shining
I realize His presence
My soul is quiet
Inner peace has come.

ALONE
Becky Bragg, '73

Darkness creeps into the empty house,
And the silence of the voiceless beams
Engulfs my thoughts...
Longing, yearning, aching for the past...
Long dead...
alone.

REMEMBERING
Beth Collins, '72

Years have passed since you were here last,
Long years since you saw your childhood haunts:
Your playhouse, your hideouts, your secret paths.
And now here you stand, grown, mature,
Withdrawn from your old emotions and dreams
With a tender, pensive smile on your lips.
That old stove, no longer in use,
Is now covered by spiderwebs, rusty and dirty,
Yet consecrated by the long, happy hours
Of child-love tenderly lavished upon it.
And your hide-outs are lost, your paths overgrown.
You remember oh so well
The joy you had here, the hours you spent here.
From such experienced as there your life was shaped.
You have outgrown them.
The music they once bore for you
Is now but a soft melody in your life
Often covered by stronger, faster music.
You smile again, softly, remembering,
And then you walk on.

HAIKU
Sarah Schlater, '75

Soaring up through the sky,
The wind catches the red
balloon—
Finally free.

THE CHANGE
Terry Whittle, '73

*I have measured out my life
In silver spoons,
Lived with Do You Mind
And Would You Please
Running in and out of rooms
To fetch.
Now that Black is Beautiful,
Not merely functional,
I would fold myself away
With summer lawn and linen
To lie with dried lavender.
For I am grandmother—old
In a young time
And only a reflection
In my sherry cup.*



THOSE WHO GIVE
HAVE ALL THINGS...

PHANTOMS OF MY MIND
Diana Figuers, '73

*Giving and loving are but phantoms of my mind
That play on my lonely soul from time to time
Pushing at the doors in the cave of my heart;
But around my feelings entwined is the fear of
Losing all I have gained to Love's attracting tide
Only - longing and desire fee our fire—
On the wave's crest they long to ride.*

*We hold all the treasures of a season,
The dawning of spring and the heat of summer
The falling of autumn, the freezing morning of
winter beneath its slumber.
Like the sun melts the ice, so leaves will live again
All beauty and affection lies behind the sleeping eyes of
men.*

*So awaken, arise, let me have your hand to hold
Your spirit reborn in the happiness of my mind's home
Let me kiss you now, love, and drink deep the sweet wine
of your soul
For maybe tomorrow millions of miles and worlds apart
we'll roam.*

DEATH OF CREATIVITY
Betsy Sanford, '72

*Only a fallen headstone marks the grave
Small tribute to one once queen all-powerful
But masses of metal and concrete invaded her realm
And the flash of neon sought to replace the shimmer
of her smile.*

*Traitors with frozen eyes and cardboard souls
Destroyed her inspirations, buried the monuments
of her glory.*

*Her subjects could not sift her truth from the gilded
nothings*

*Propaganda of the enemy.
Their laws, not hers, were taught in school.*

*So toss a wreath of plastic flowers on her grave
And turn away
For the queen, deprived of throne and power,
Shriveled and turned brown like a leaf.*

IDEALS
D.A.D., '72

Sure.
It's right there above you.
You put it there, silly.
No, you'll have to get it yourself.
Really I'm sorry, but I've got my own to get
or at least to try and get.
WATCH OUT!
You almost fell. Get that
chair over there to stand on.
There you go. Now you've got it right
in your hand.

I wonder if I'll ever be able to reach mine.

UNTITLED

Alone I sit,
Staring out the thin glass of my window.
The only thing that divides me from others.
I pity myself
Because alone I sit.
Silly me, unconcerned.
Not knowing how lucky I am.
It's like that thin glass is backed with silver
So that I see only myself.

ODE TO MISS McMURRAY
Mary Palmer Kelley, '72

In my Freshman year my ship set sail,
Many problems I had to my avail.
In my Sophomore year it seemed such a waste,
And I wanted to leave this place in haste.
In my Junior year I had no fear,
For I knew that all I had left was a year.
In my Senior year this place began to be fun
Now I feel that my life as I know it's begun.
And now though today I've thunk and thunk,
I'm sorry to say my ship has sunk.

DESPERATION
Adele Crowe, '74

You're sitting in a class
Working on a test,
Everything is quiet
The world seems at rest.

The problem is hard
You're trying to think,
Then quietly suddenly
Your mind goes on the blink

You look out the window
In hopeless desperation,
While you envelope your brain
In a state of concentration.

When observing the outdoors
Something catches your eye
Now you're completely distracted
While the precious seconds fly.

Waking from this stupor
Still on the first page
You put down careless answers
In a wreckless rage.

Then, like the kiss of death
The toll of the bell
Again in the record books
Another test you fail!

LOST AND LONELY
Bowen Holcomb, '73

Lost and lonely, time forgotten,
An island all alone.
A winter's night that heeds no light
A million miles from home.

Feelings come and feelings pass
Some slowly fade away
They serve to only fill the hours
And tempt the waning days.

The city streets and busy crowds
My eyes they do not own,
For lost and lonely, I remain,
A million miles from home...

GEOMETRY CLASS
Amy Swartzbaugh, '73

*Words tumbling falling into detached sentences
hypotenuse of an altitude to a proportion
of an acute angle, falling tumbling forgetting
74 65 border line grade, getting up, falling
scrambled x's and y's and AB's
radicals, lines and mumbling rhythmical
drone of chalk trying to represent reason
The realization that you don't want to know
how many lines are in a diameter or why
a line is perpendicular to the unknown
extension of a point, our faltering attention
span in geometry class*

THE PATH
Mary Jo Freeman, '73

*I walk the path; into the woods it leads.
This path when I was young I often tread.
Upon soft grass I often made my bed.
My private world, it filled my wants
and needs.
I hid my precious toys among the weeds.
My throne, my jewels, the dreams, all
filled my head;
A charming prince beneath the oak I wed,
Adorned with blooms I grew from only seeds.
Where is this wonder world I left behind?
Who was the little girl with magic
dreams?
The wind blew soft, but now blows hard
and cold.
And now the dreams no longer fill my
mind.
Instead my thoughts are filled with plans
and schemes.
A member of the world; I fit the mold.*

JEANS
Allison Graves '77

*Jeans
comfortable, casual
cling, shrink, attract
clip, clip go the scissors
Hot pants*

THE PIECES
Suzy Peeples, '72

*The pieces in my head fell on the floor,
So I had to search for them.
The room was dark and I had to reach
For what I once thought was in my head.
Maybe the pieces weren't all there to begin with,
Wondering, I began to look for new ones.
But I had no understanding of what they would look like.
So, there I stood,
Alone
In a dark room,
With an empty head, trying to find its parts.
Fear struck me.
What if I couldn't,
Get my head together?
Would I remain in that dark room
Paralyzed from the rest of the world?
Frantic now, I searched.
The floor seemed bare and I cried out.
"Where are they?"
Suddenly, I decided it was a game,
So I crawled on my hands and knees
Looking for the hidden pieces.
I never was any good at Hide and Seek,
I tried to laugh at them, calling
"Ollie, Ollie in free!"
But in vain.
My God! I was getting desperate.
Could I plead with them?
Did they rule over me so?
I decided I would go away
And come back and get them later.
Now, I was searching for the door.
What if I couldn't find that either?
Visions were entering my head.
Had the pieces returned?
No, it was something frightening and dark.
If I run what will be in front of me?
I had to try it.
The beating of my heart could be heard
Echoing throughout my empty head.
I ran
And now, still running, I find that,
I left the pieces behind in that dark room.
I'm trying to find my way back.
Desperate again, I quicken my steps.*

Mary Jo Freeman, '73

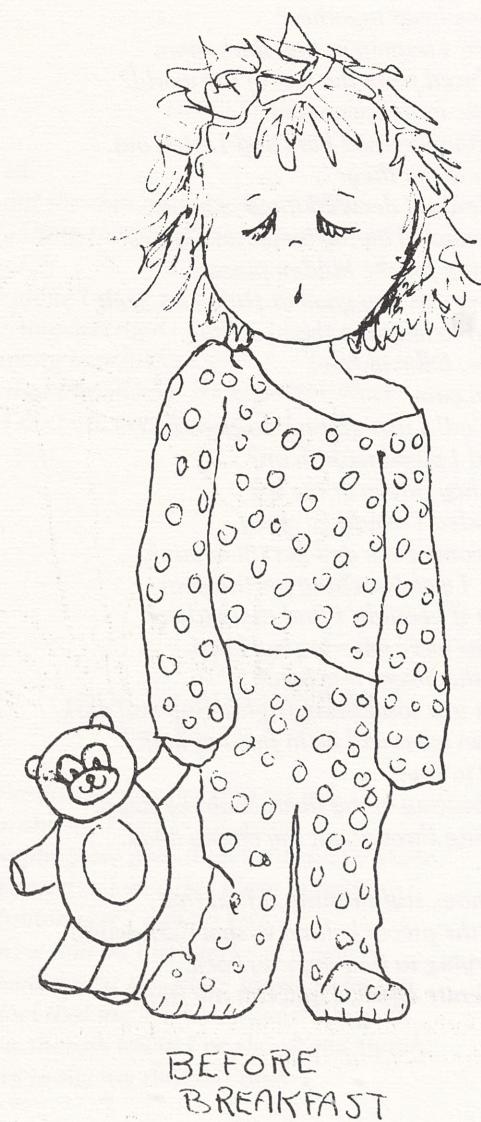
Dear Abby,

All of my men use English Lather, but my new boyfriend refuses. He tried it, but he didn't like it. He said it caused him "trouble." To him his Lo Karate is the real thing, and he would rather fight than switch.

I know that I've got a lot to live and that he's got a lot to give. If we marry, I would be a choosy mother and cook marshmallowed meatballs and giant dumplings. I study music, and I'd like to teach the world to sing in perfect harmony.

Should I marry him?

Uncertain



I AM CALLING
Beth Collins, '72

*I'm calling for you, sweet girl.
I'm beckoning, I'm offering
Myself for your fulfillment.
Here I am before you, begging you.
I loved you and you loved me.
Don't say "no" to Life, girl.
Don't leave me alone to die
While you confusedly
Stumble along a lonely path.
I offer to you, sweet girl,
Young, alive girl,
Vibrant girl,
I offer to you my treasures.
Cruel I am sometimes,
And hard to understand.
But look what I offer you as recompense.
See, girl—Hope, Love, and Faith.
I'll make your life worth living.
Try to understand.
Don't say "no" to life, young girl.*

Amy Swartzbaugh, '73

*Once as I lay in bed
I was able to recall
The feelings of childhood
When I was so small*

*As I closed my eyes
I saw myself in PJ's
with feet
and smelt a trace of baby powder
and soap
I was curled up so tiny in that
great big double bed
And on the feather pillows rested
my innocent head*

*My mind was so filled with wonder
With everything I saw
But questions never rose from me*

*My skin was soft and tender
the bed was warm and deep
and hugged so close was
my stuffed "yurtle"
My eyes drooped and I slept soundly
till the break of day*



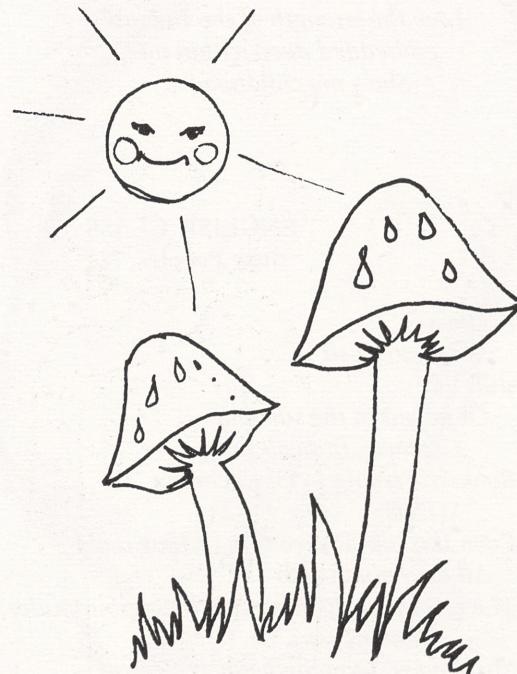
HIP PEA'S TRAVELS
Suzy Peeples, '72

Now if you remember a tale I once told
About a certain pea who was very very bold
At a young age he left the patch
Because he and the Green Giant didn't make a good
match
When we last left the pea, down the road he did trot
As you remember, on his shoulder was his pod
Now Hip Pea, he had the highest ambitions
And he was going to fulfill them under any conditions
So he thumbed on the interstate to Washington, D.C.
Don't look surprised, I bet you'd pick up a pea.
After a weary trip he arrived in the city
The last ride he got was by a little gray kitty...
All of a sudden Hip Pea had a brilliant thought.
And then the White House was what he sought.
As it was known, Hip Pea was really far-out
I mean he was just about the weirdest sprout
Hip Pea's plan was going to make headlines.
So he had to hurry, to make dinner's deadlines
It just happened that peas were the main dish
So it looked like Hip Pea was going to get his wish.
Yes, he managed to get on that very special plate.
That pea was outa sight, he really did rate.
As the knife approached nearer, Hip Pea had to hop
And as Mr. Nixon almost forked him, Hip Pea hollered
STOP!
Well the President, he was really freaked out
A talking pea was standing in his saurkraut.
Richard N. didn't know what to do
So Hip Pea said, "Mr. President, I want a word with
you."
Now the rest of the guests had noticed something wrong
Mr. Nixon said, "Excuse me, I won't take long."
So he and Hip Pea went to a special meeting place
And when Nixon came out, there was a smile on his face
The next day headlines were, Nixon Wants Peace
The President told the papers - All the wars must cease.
And when they asked why this sudden decision
He said, Well it was just time for a revision.
But the next time President Nixon is on TV
Make sure you notice, he won't ever eat a pea.

HOW TO WRITE A POEM

Shannon Stoney, '72

*How to write a poem? it starts with a feeling
Dug up from your soul, from the depths of your being,
Like clay, a dark, vague, nebulous form,
But full and wet, creation waiting to be born
At the touch of your own hands. Your passion you mold
Into a shape for the world to behold,
Not only as poem of words, but song that you sing,
Or movements you dance, or colors you mingle
Into pictures. All are beautiful, true,
For they come from your own soul, are molded by you.*



#1
Laura Parrish, '73

White-haired gentlemen
Clothed in grass, flowers, and pines
Mountains in summer.

UNTITLED
Jan Crenshaw, '73

*The black eyes stare hungrily at me.
Her black hair
starkly outlines
the ridged beauty of her face.
I reach out my hand...
she stares...
I kneel...
she backs away.
Then our eyes meet
she stops
...her dark eyes not moving from mine.
I speak...
slowly in the tongue I learned long ago.
She timidly steps forward
then her hand clasps mind,
and in her silent eyes
I see the strength of the Indians
embedded deep within me.
She's my childhood.*

ENGLISH CLASS
Suzy Peeples '72

*Restless
Why can't I sit
still
Or go out in the sun and
Get away from all this.
Books are trying to take over my
MIND,
Even this ink is spreading its blue mold
All over my thumb.
The voices are distant, then they grow louder,
Then distant.
My head rests on my hand,
WEARY
Sometimes
I think the clock hates me
because it creeps around so slow.
Once in a while I try to Answer,
Then I put my head back on my hand,
FRUSTRATED.
Oh well, tick, tick, tick.*

HAIKU
Beth Lovell, '75

*As the snowflake fell,
It drifted upon a cheek
And became a tear.*

ON LISTENING TO CONCERTO IN F
BY GEORGE GERSHWIN
Mary Lea Gibson, '72

*Gershwin's soul is beneath his music.
Carved of ivory and polished like brass.
His soul, that which makes his heart
Hear its own beating,
Erupts into myriad horns, strings, and 5
other musicians.
Each drop from each ingredient is
Unique,
Distinguishable.
The strings stretch tighter, tauter,
Reaching and straining for perfection.
Horns speak their dialects, different,
Yet understood and blended into
One.
The rhythm of music booms, cracks,
Crashes, clashes, beats, and finally
Crawls behind the others.
Poured together and taken in,
All sounds melt, burn, bubble, and
ooze into music.
Gershwin, your soul is showing.*

I
Amy Swartzbaugh, '73

*You are deep and mysterious,
Am I but a splashing fool
In the well of your mind?*

THE IMAGE
Diana Reed '72

A cat sits before a mirror.

She knows it is not a real cat.

Yet, she does not know it is an image.

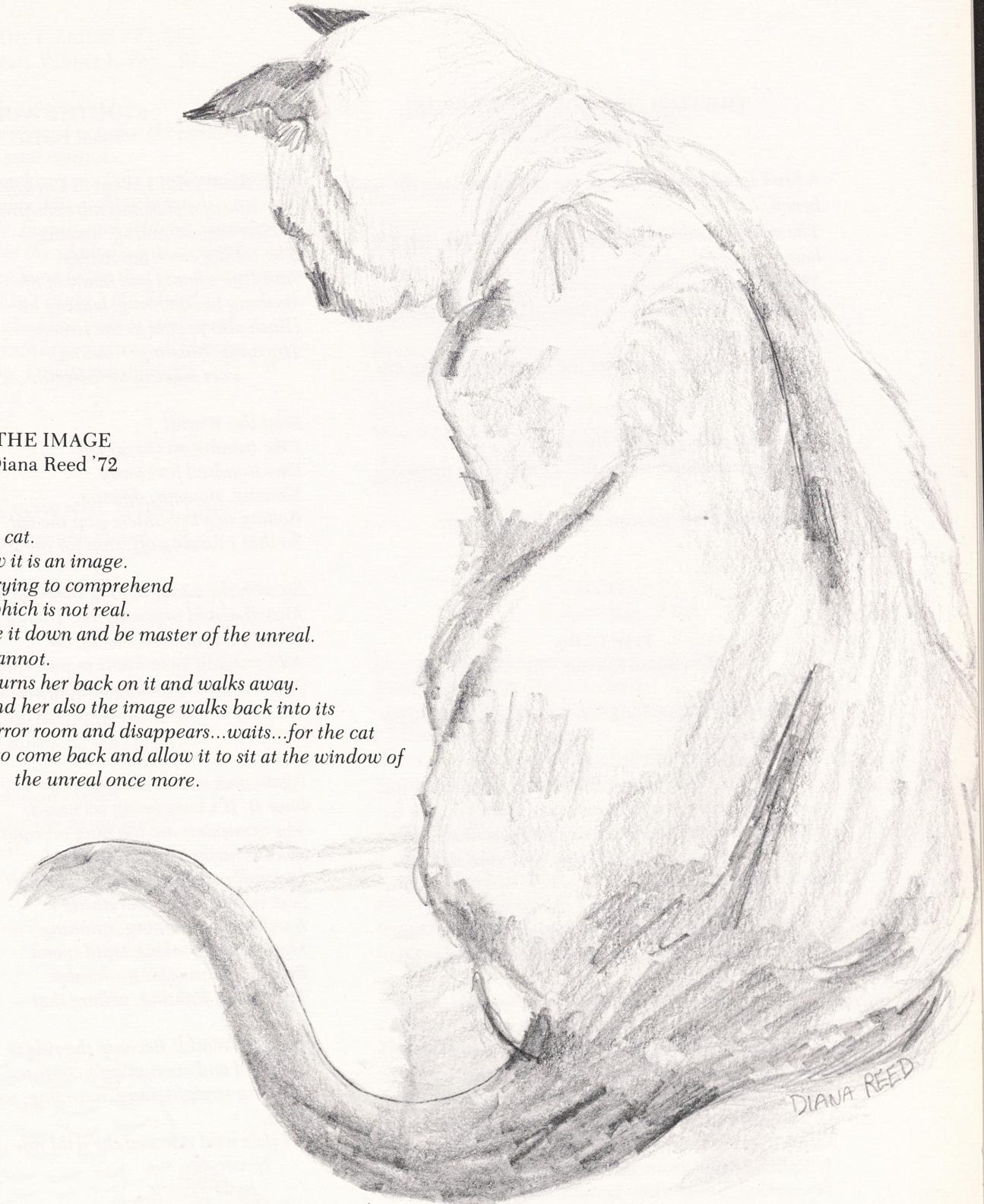
So she sits quietly trying to comprehend
what is there which is not real.

Tries to stare it down and be master of the unreal.

But, she cannot.

So she turns her back on it and walks away.

Behind her also the image walks back into its
mirror room and disappears...waits...for the cat
to come back and allow it to sit at the window of
the unreal once more.



THE FORLORN OF A YOUNG GIRL

Lynn Comer, '72

*A brisk wind blows through me as I walk along the rocky beach,
The sun burns down on my back, drying my straggly hair.
The salt water around my ankles is cold.
I look up only to see the endless piles of sand stretching For miles so distant.
I drop to my knees and feel the rough scratching my shins.
It hurts!
I press my palms against the sand.
Straining my hands into a fist, I draw them up to my Chest.
Funny how the sand slips through my fingers.*

THE COIN

Susan Duvier, '73

"Who are these long-haired, hippie-boys who are coming over?"

"Mama, they're not lo—..."

"What are they going to do with you, what do they want with you, tell you, take from you, do to you? Where do they want to take you, make you, break you, forsake you, tell you, sell you, nail you, mail you, jail you...?"

"I just want to talk to th—..."

"Don't take a drink, they stink, missing link, they fink, roller rink, never think, I'm on the brink, down the sink..."

"It's just new ideas, new people, new experiences, new..."

"Gurus, no views, they'll lose, absue, who sues?, sing the blues, won't choose, drugs and booze, I read the news..."

"Thank you for understanding."

"Why don't you come to the party with us tonight. People from all over the world, and the fascinating things they know..."

"NO-no, won't go, what a show, So-So, have a beau, Old Crow..."

STOP THE WORLD!

Lynn Farrar, '74

*Stop the World! I Want to Get Off!
The title of a play and my ever-present cry
Screaming, pounding, beating—
The tolling clock yet strikes
And Life's hours and hours of life
Rushing by, ignoring, leaving me
(Rush also people in the streets,
Hurrying, bustling, running)
ever leaving me behind.*

*Stop the World!
Like turning on the signal
One hundred feet away,
Slowing, slowing, slowing,
Rolling to a breathless stop the car.
So that I turning off, stop for breath. Breathe!*

*So with the world in long suspension
Myself would organize me. Taking
Fresh air to unbind the old air
And untying loose knots in purposing
And living and understanding and being
Tie them tighter, squarer, rounder with resolving
resolve.*

*Again pick a seat. Only you can't
have it. It's busy being occupied;
The occupants are too busy occupying
So cautiously take another and
Carefully approach and fasten your
Seat belt because everything's
A wild ride. Spinning, spinning
More quickly taking rapid speed.
Breathing, breathing—harder.
Till crying, fighting, yelling that—*

*Stop the World! Because the ride is
Too wild and everything's confused
Needing straightening, rounding, squaring
Only,*

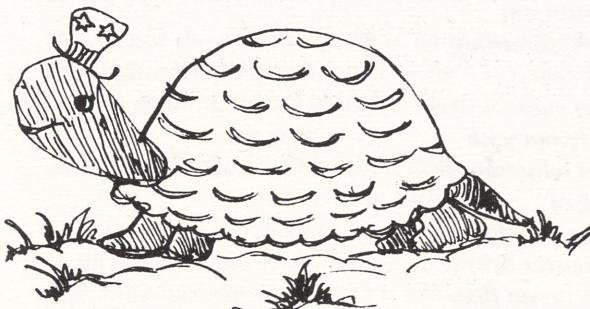
*Life's wild ride and the wild ride of life
Never
ever
(for me to breathe)
slow...*

ODE TO MISS FELKEL
Mary Palmer Kelley, '72

*In your Biology class I'm afraid,
That I found it quite hard to make the grade.
In my one year in your control,
Your tests made my heart stop and made my eyes roll.
The study of proteins, fats and enzymes,
Was quite horrible, boring, and difficult sometimes.
I even learned all of the phylums and classes
It's amazing all the knowledge that one soon amasses.
I'll admit that I didn't study THAT hard,
I'm glad that I studied one year as your ward.
So for all my heartaches and groans in biology,
Miss Felkel, to you, I make this apology.*

I KNOW NOT WHAT I DO
Shannon Stoney, '72

*There've been times when
I've been hurt,
I've rejected,
I've been critisized;
My heart has been crushed sometimes
by an unthinking, uncaring word.
So if sometimes I hurt you, reject you,
don't love you,
You'll understand, won't you?
Because my eyes look in to my hurt
And I don't see out.
I forget to look out
Sometimes.
Will you forgive me?*



AMERICAN HISTORY
Susan Duvier, '73

*Before I knew democracy,
I thought it like the law—you see
My ignorance can't be surpassed,
They look through mirrors, not through glass.*

*Once I thought that politics
Were right-or-not-at-all-itics,
But now I know that politicians
Are more like bar-room-brawl-iticians.*

*OH! What great things are educations!
Which teach misleading revelations,
And such quick end to pain and strife,
If only they were true to Life.*

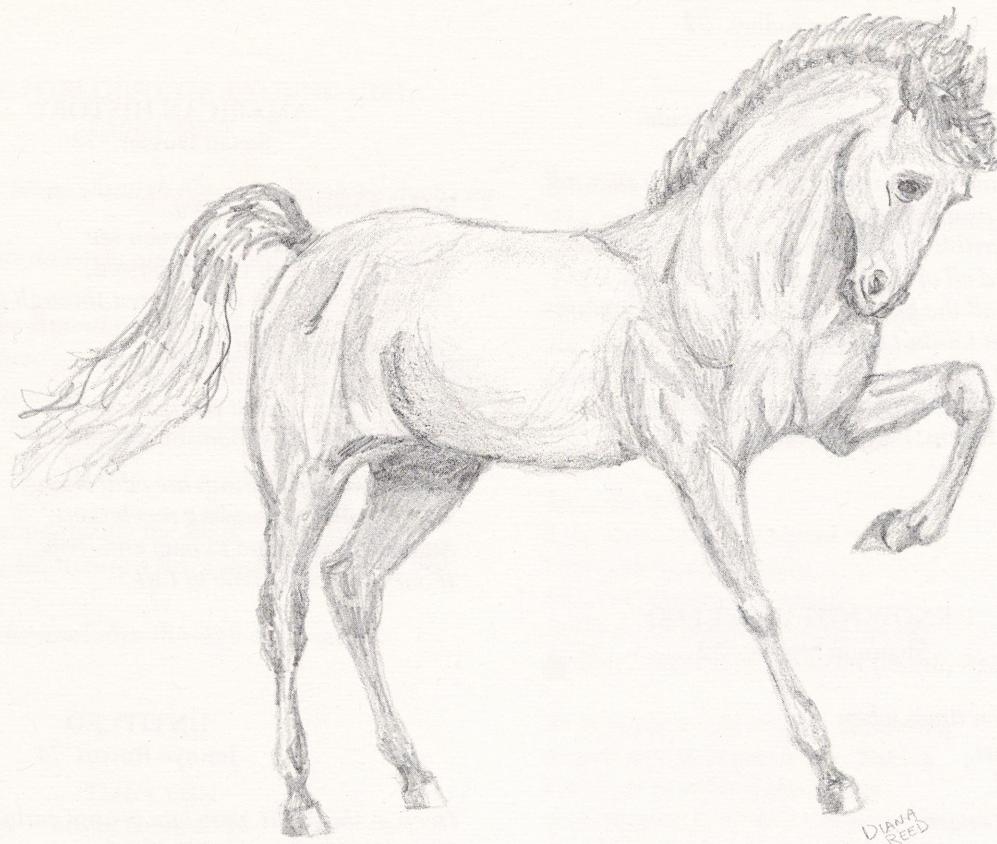
UNTITLED
Jennye Burrus '74

*Deep in the night, very late yet not early,
There comes a moment to think.
Absolute night, cool blackness, surrounds you.
Chilling body; lifting soul.
Emotion more than feeling lasts beyond this time,
Emotion that is your being.*

*This time of perfect silence, deathly still,
Amplifies inner-most concepts.
Their presence hid by noon-day sun, after-noon shadows.
Physically demanding; forever tangible.
Dreams are reality; yet reality was a reverie,
Nothing, only a nonentity.*

*Alone in the night, very late yet not early,
You exist within your mind.
The stillness broken by a wind that moves you.
Stirring body; warning soul.
First sign of morning, yet eyes see only black,
First song of the lark echoing.*

*Shades of gray dawn, forever growing lighter,
Returning awareness of your material self.
Your senses are stimulated, now fully awakened.
Smelling earth; seeing sky.
Feelings of joy, gray growing pink, turning gold,
The knowledge of life flowing.*



DOWN TO THE SHORE
Diana Figuers, '73

*Down to the shore the oceans roll
and up through the seething sand
the hot, parched, and white hot sand
where the Arabs on their small white mares
did ride with the fury of the wind
and the battle cry was loud and shrill
The horses pawed and neighed their strength
the courage of the Arabian mares not
daunted by the foe charged on 100 strong
Not one was left not one sleek coat
not one fine head and wide-set eyes
not one of those who so bravely ran with
white coats glinting on the hot white sand
The Battlefield was a covering of
folds and tressels of the strong white force
The mare that went and the master
that spurred roll back onto the ocean floor.*

AFTER THE PARTY

Suzy Peeples, '72

*That dried up flower
Sits
in a corner and reminds you of that
Night.
A string of laughter is tied to the bedpost
And somebody
slipped the knot.
That broken glass grins in remembrance
And so do you.
A golden pipe lays on the table in
exhaustion.
The bed
is holding its breath
in anticipation.
And so are you.
The light is trying to put itself out
It flickers and wavers.
The trash can had a nervous breakdown
And you'll have to fix
That poor broken chair tomorrow.
But now it's time for bed.*

VESSELS AND PIPES

*Some people are like a round, brown jug
Shaped with and loved by a hand with wet fingers
Whose distinctive, homemade touch still lingers.
And these pitchers are made to fill other mugs.
When they with milk are filled up to the spout —
Themselves, and cannot do but pour,
Distribute milk, then be filled with more
By the pattee, not letting his vessels dry out.
Others like the arched aqueduct have been built
with lightness, precision, grace in each tier,
In each column, whose usefulness lasts year
on year.
and through whom clean water, down the
mountain side's tilt.
Rushes for the thirsty ones crowded below
In dirty towns, needful of water for spring.
The aqueduct too, in its work it will sing
And joys with the music of sweet water's flow.*

VISIT TO THE DENTIST

Emily Mathews, '73

*Reluctantly I walked in
Without hope of ever returning again
And the receptionist with a sadistic grin
Gave me a little pinch on my chin
And said, "This way my friend."

I stared with a glare
At the dreaded chair
And a voice filled the air
"Get in if you dare"
But I pleaded "It's just not fair."

Then rushed in a man so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be Doc Slick.
He said, "Open wide so it won't prick."
And then I replied, "I'm going to be sick."
The Doc exclaimed, "Lean over the bowl, son, and
quick."

Upon beginning to recover
Doc Slick called in my mother
For he did discover
That the tooth filled should have been another
And the correct patient was my brother.*

*I sprang from the chair to see what was the matter
Threw back the tray, which caused a great clatter.
I threatened Doc Slick with a great blow
And he threw up his hands and said, "Whoa, son, whoa!"
And they heard me exclaim as I stormed out the door,
"You won't be seeing me anymore!"*

THE VOICES OF CHILDREN

Emily Thompson, '72

*Outside, I hear their VOICES saying
"Keep away from john!"
"time out, let me put my shoe back on."
Life...only games of baseball and tag,
bicycles and a little golden puppy;
growing up...not important enough to win their
thoughts;
real pain...unfamiliar, unfelt, nonexistent.
But when I remove myself from the scene,
I see pain in
losing a baseball game, in
never catching someone in a game of tag, and
in the death of a little golden puppy.*

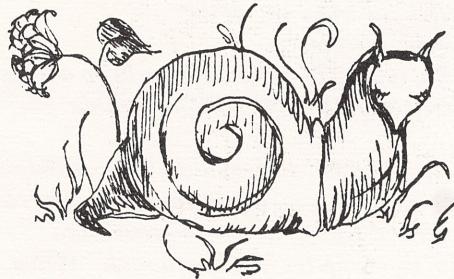
BLUE AND RED ON WHITE
Mary Jo Freeman, '73

The pure whiteness waits placidly,
Clear and innocent it lies with no life.

Blue appears and mars the silence.
Swoops and curves of blue deface
the clear beauty.
The blue marking ends, but its
damage is left.

A rain of red adds a violent color
to the white.

Later the marred white is found.
A flood of tears blends the
blue, red, and white,
The white silence was broken.



SERENITY
Barbara Couch, '74

Summer serenity:
Drowsy sunshine
The whisper of leaves
And the birds - singing into the breeze
Letting it return their song to them
Closed eyelids:
The passing cars
That could almost be the breeze.
Except for the far-off squeal of brakes.
Except for the distant, short-lived scream
That cut the calm so briefly that
Only a moment passed
Before the noise was an unsure memory-
That hadn't really disturbed
The summer serenity.

CLOWN'S LAMENT
Deborah Dark '76

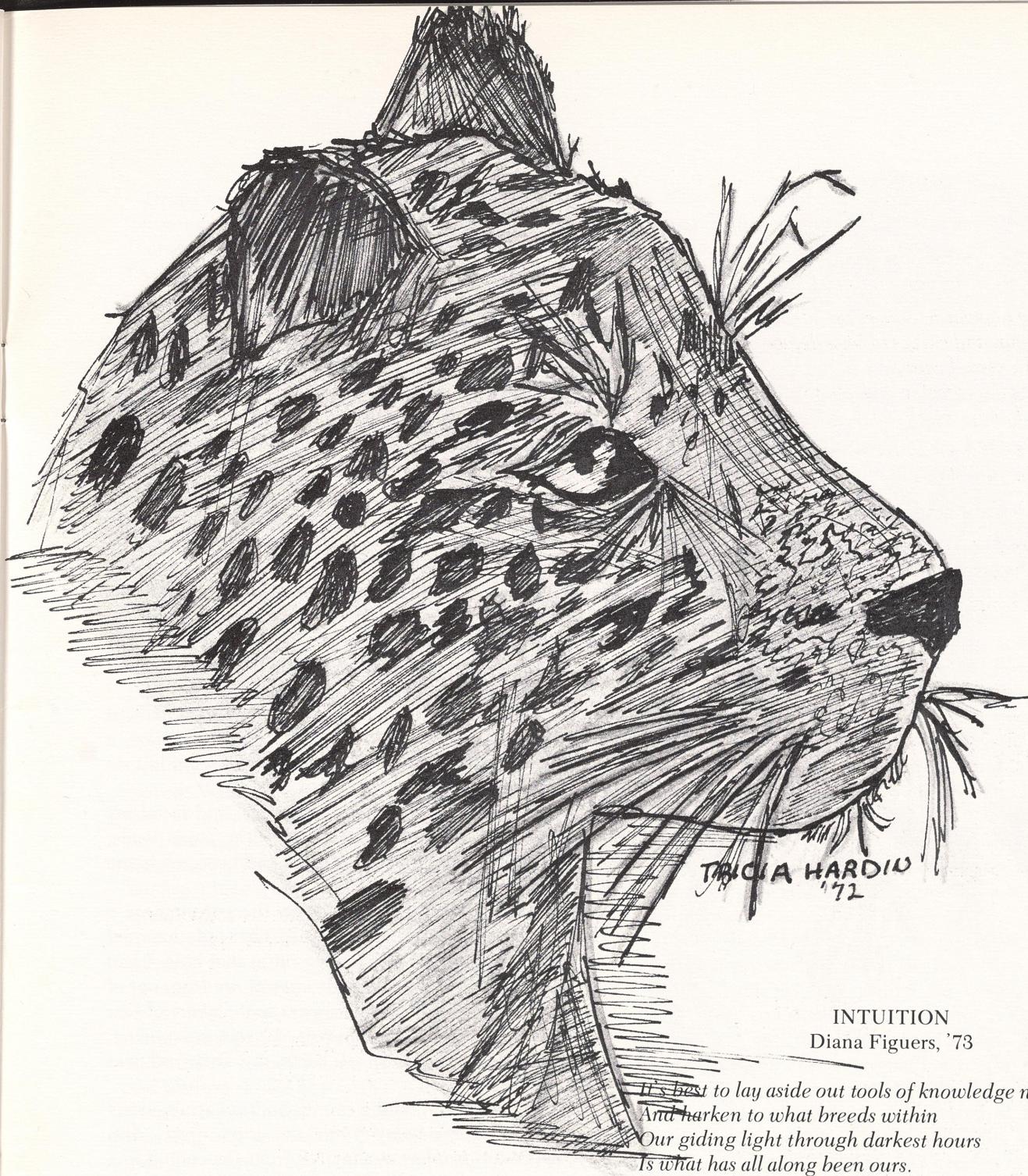
Once I was here
But then was bound
For far-away places.
Yet still there are traces,
Here and there,
Of a has been clown.

There are the happy faces leaving,
The cotton candy cleaving
To sticky hands
That once clapped for the final notes of a one man band,
Notes that still linger on the air
Of a once filled building, now empty and bare.

Now I am faded, but not quite gone for once I was here
But then was bound
For far-away places.
Yet still there are traces,
Here and there,
Of a has been clown.

MOONSHADOW'S LAMENT
Suzy Peeples, '72

When I found you,
It was by accident,
And what a beautiful day that was.
I've come to realize I love you.
I tried to deny myself
The joy that you offered.
I never want to possess you,
I just want to share your life.
Once I was a moonshadow,
Only a half, not a whole.
I'm looking for the other half
Which will change me into a ray of the sun.
And I will shine all my warmth on you
For that is why I was created.
To love, and give is my solar energy,
Just as you are my universe.



INTUITION
Diana Figuers, '73

*It's best to lay aside our tools of knowledge now and then
And harken to what breeds within
Our giding light through darkest hours
Is what has all along been ours.*

*The spark of inspiration, the poet's imagination
All that shows us what do and when
Is intuition, our very soul's magician
That mother nature lends to men.*

*Capture it, hold it, and never let it go
For it knocks so softly at the doors of our minds
And will slip back down to its cavern so low
Where lies the very essence of the immortal soul.*

*The subconscious, the vast and everturing brain
Can be our leader and our master if its secret we gain
No misery, torture, or illness shall remain
For God's angels will our thoughts maintain.*



The Night Before
Diana Reed, '72

As I stood at the barred window of my cell, I could see the sky redden and grow darker and brighter at the same time. The sun was setting. Soon it would be dark; then the sun would rise. That was all the time I had. Strangely, though, I was unconcerned. I was innocent, but condemned. It couldn't be true — surely someone would realize...

My mind wandered back to the sky. A hush had fallen in the twilight. A star came out. "Please," I prayed to the star, "please...."

I could feel the cold, biting steel of the bars pressed against my face and hands. I pressed against them harder; yearning to be out. The sky grew darker, and I knew that my cell would soon be enveloped in black.

I rubbed my wrist where the iron chain had cut into it. I was chained....chained like a criminal—but I was innocent — they couldn't do this to me.

I turned my back on the window and faced my cell. Straw covered dirt floor; filthy stone walls; water-dripping leaky roof; this had been my home for months.

A dry crust of bread lay in the corner near a gaping, black hole in the wall. That hole haunted me. There was a rat...a huge rat in that hole. I had seen him shining his beady eyes at me from out of the darkness. That look always sent shivers of fear snaking through my nerves. It was a knowing, piercing look. That rat knew my fear and was waiting.....

I heard a scratching sound, and as I strained my ears, I became aware of the faint drip....drop....drip splash of droplets as they fell from the ceiling to a wet place on the floor. I tried to turn my thoughts away, but the more I tried, the louder the drops sounded. They came too slowly and I found myself unwillingly anticipating the next one.

The room was completely dark now, except for a small shaft of light sifting through the bars on the heavy wooden door. Drip.... This light threw everything into eerie shadows, and made them seem to move in a crawly sort of way. Another drip and another.

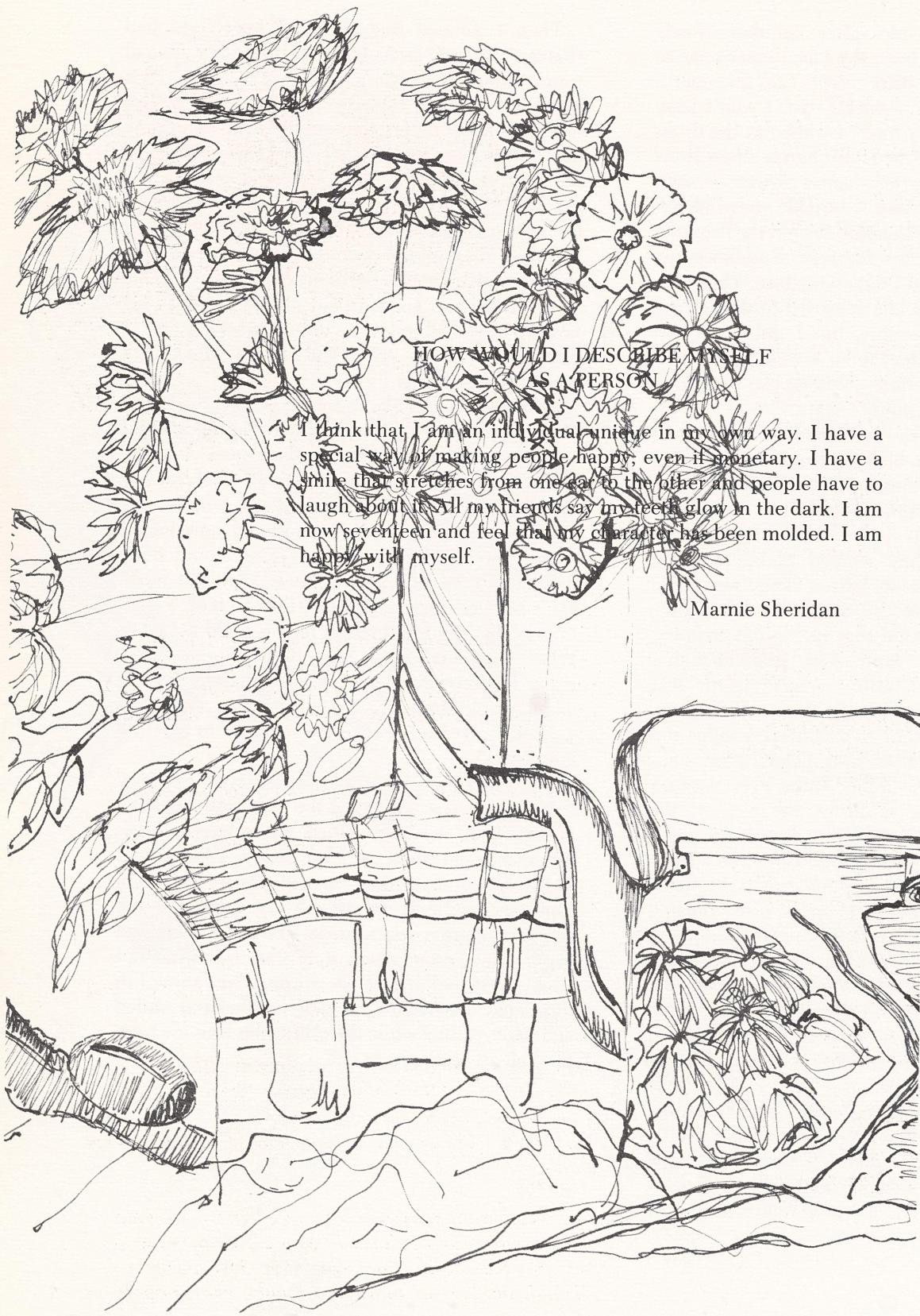
Drops of blood...one after another...slowly following each other down the executioner's axe to a pool below...drip...drip. "No! I'm innocent!" They dripped louder...louder..."No! I won't have my head cut off...Why me?" I wailed at the drops and covered my face with my hands, then drew them back in horror. My face was wet — with tears? — no, it was blood — sticky, warm blood! "Blood!" I screamed. I couldn't stand the dripping any longer. I lunged for the door. Suddenly, my arm felt ripped off and I fell on my face. The chain — I had forgotten the chain. I tried to wrench my hand free. It hurt horribly, but I didn't care. It must come off — it had to — I was innocent. It held me there and I cried — sobbed for the dawn, and then prayed it wouldn't come.

Then, I stopped dead. Every other noise stopped too. A clammy silence held me frozen. A sickening cold crawled up my spine. I was being watched. Instinctively I turned toward the hole in the corner. Two pinpoints of light sparkled wickedly from out of the blackness. They seemed to be laughing mercilessly and with cruel hatred. They seemed to see into my very soul and despise it. Then they moved. Without a sound that rat started creeping slowly towards me. Step...step...step...changing each second into an eternity — making my fear mount every second by coming so wretchedly slow. My heart beat triple time to each step. Louder and louder it beat — the drum beat matching my steps as I walked to the scaffold. Those eyes bored a burning fire into my head — the eyes of the spectators mocking my plight. My hand crept slowly to the floor beside me and closed on a stick. In the same instant as I raised my arm to throw the stick, the rat leaped for me. It was on me...crawling and sniffing. I beat at it with the stick. It was at my throat. I could feel its damp nose and mouth touching my bare skin. I clutched at its body, grabbed it and flung it away from me across the room. Silence...my eyes strained in a thousand directions at once trying to find my enemy. I felt as if it was crawling towards me; then it was beside me; behind me; something touched my hand — my heart stopped and my hand jerked away — only a piece of straw. I breathed again and tingles of relief went through my whole body. It was gone — I couldn't feel it there anymore, and somehow I knew it was gone.

Then I noticed that a ray of faint light had changed the cell from black to dark grey. It had come through the window. Dawn — only a few hours left. I wiped the tears from my eyes. Only a few more hours before they would come to take me out. Out to freedom — yes, to freedom. I would go out and die, be killed, and be freed. God, I had to get out. I fell to the window and strained against the bars, painfully trying to urge every particle of my being through the openings, then sank stiffly to the floor, sitting rigidly with my back pressed to the wall. They were going to cut off my head — my head. They couldn't...not me...I wasn't guilty. I put my hand to my throat and felt my skin smooth and firm and whole.

What did it feel like to have your head cut off? Tingles ran down my back and limbs at the thought of the blade hanging over my bare neck. I would kneel down, hear the blade go up, and then it would come down through flesh and bone — my neck. That would be all. I wondered how long I would live without my body — or would it be without my head? I didn't know. Would it hurt? My God, how long would I be able to feel? I tried to pray, but my mind would not — could not do it. What happened when you died? Would there really be freedom, peace, or would there just be death, a nothingness. Again I got no answer. I wanted to cry and scream for someone to give me an answer.

Then there were footsteps far down the corridor. I stifled my scream, wiped the tears from my face, pushed back my hair, pulled my tattered clothes into place, and stood up. I was ready. A key grated in the lock and the door opened slowly. Two men came in, and one unfastened my arm from the chain. The other was a priest. He had a bible and was reading aloud from it. I stared at him, but could grasp nothing of his words. "You know I'm innocent," I told him. He only nodded and smiled and kept reading while the other man lead me from the cell. It was time.



HOW WOULD I DESCRIBE MYSELF
AS A PERSON

I think that I am an individual unique in my own way. I have a special way of making people happy, even if monetary. I have a smile that stretches from one ear to the other and people have to laugh about it. All my friends say my teeth glow in the dark. I am now seventeen and feel that my character has been molded. I am happy with myself.

Marnie Sheridan

MEMORY OF MARNIE
Diana Figuers '73

Clouds lay low as Mother Earth bowed her sweet head
Letting fall her dark, entangled locks of hair
Rain fell and she cried for one gone so soon from her
little bed
It seemed the grey dome above was abandoned and bare.

I searched the sky for a glimmer of light
But all round the dark, furling clouds did roam
Like a swarm of maddened bees to blind my sight
Mounting like a tide of wild sea foam

Their crested, high, black billows
Gave way to white, fleecy pillows
But the heavens were dark, it seemed
For one who had lived, loved and dreamed.

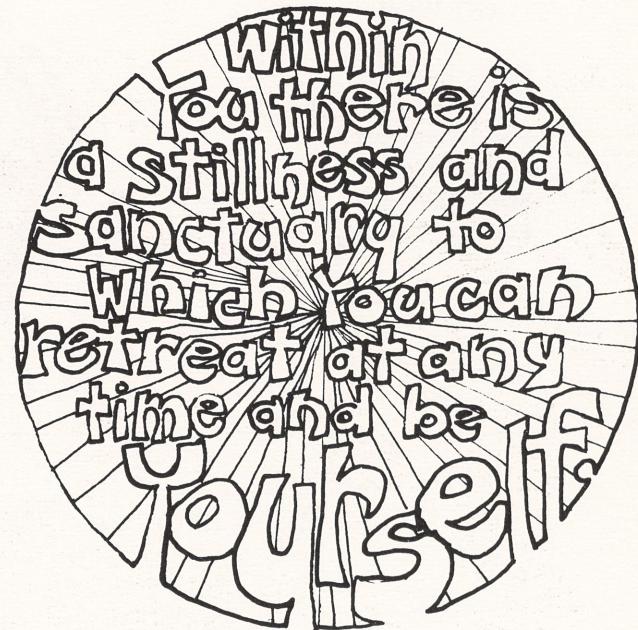
This day, this sky, sad for so many people
As they remembered that tender shimmering girl
Was brightened, I found, by the lovely church steeple
So frail, so white, yet the strength of the world.

This holy spire within it all misery takes
When it tolls like a voice in a beckoning call
And glad their sad hearts the bell makes
As its song lifts the sky's haunting pall.

Now the sun came out with a laughing face
And we're promised, He said, an eternal life
For one great man lent mortals his divine grace
To show us love midst our earthliest strife.

For a purpose, all this? We know not God's will,
Why did He lay her so quiet and still?
But reigning supreme over day and night
Is God, the most high, and all that is right.

They taught us so much in one gentle touch
Now the Prophet and the lovely girl have left us
But be not fearful, child, and do not despair
Sweet angels and love will take you care.



TO MRS. STAMPS
Diana Figuers, '73

Love lives where hearts are warm and sincere
Where hands are reaching out and help is near
Where you are, like a multi-colored rainbow
Giving and understanding, sharing with us your radiant glow

So ready for a smile and a laugh, but quick to shed a tear
For the things and people that are to you so dear
And so a bit of life we've learned from your feminine ways
Like your big twinkling eyes, you've brightened our days

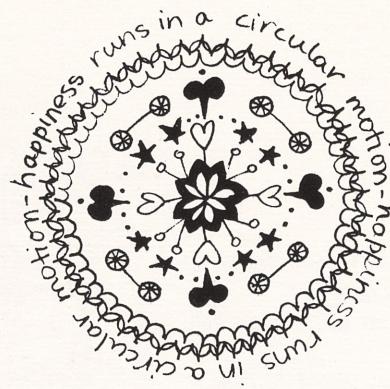
A routine your class has never been
Though I've not showed you half that is within
I thank you, and speak for all the girls that know you well
All that we feel for you, in words so hard to tell

Though our summers will fly in a golden rush
In silence we will think of your gentle touch
To have and hold memories like these
Ever they will remain. I know true happiness never leaves

And may our thoughts live in yours when we are gone
All the rhythm and cadence of your voice's sweet song
Will ring back at the times when we're lost and alone
Though millions of miles and maybe worlds apart we roam.

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